

Houghton Department LIGHTKEEPERS FOR 100 YEARS

Malone Family Has Heroic Record
At Isle Royale

Is. Malone, keeper of the government light at Isle Royale, is spending Christmas with his sisters, Misses Esther and Belle Malone, 1621 Banks avenue, Duluth, says the News-Tribune.

Mr. Malone represents the third generation of Malones who have had charge of the lighthouse at the island, which is considered one of the most important stations on fresh water. His grandfather, Peter Malone, was the original keeper of the light and was succeeded by the present incumbent's father, J. H. Malone, who remained in the service for 30 years. Long before his work had endeared him past the stage where his strength failed, his son, L. Malone, was fully conversant with and equipped to conduct the affairs of the government station.

For a man so young, Mr. Malone, the present keeper, has an interesting and commendable record as keeper of the station. Five years ago he rowed 14 miles to the rescue of the almost drowning crew of the steamer Rogers, which was stranded on the reefs by a fierce gale. The crew, numbering 25, was saved. His leisure exploits along the shore near his home have also been notable. At one time he saved brother and sister, Alice and John Johnson, from drowning when they were ready to give up. The boy had been swimming and had become exhausted. His sister sought to save him and sank. Malone dived in and saved the two.

The heroic record of the three generations of Malones has been the subject of years of gossip on the Great Lakes. Their names are bywords among the sailors and with those who roam the sea their reputations are of first water.

HAS CHANCE FOR VARSITY.

"Bill" Cochran Hopes to be Regular in 1914 at Michigan.

William Cochran, star Houghton football player and center this year on Michigan's All-fresh team, who is home for the holidays, has hopes of playing on Michigan's varsity in 1914, as he himself modestly admits. "Next year it is going to be pretty hard for a new man to break in on the team," Bill said, "as only two men, Thompson the fullback and Quinn, one of the linemen, are going to graduate. Patterson is the captain and will play center himself so I suppose a chance to substitute is all a fellow can hope for. He pretty hard for a new man to do anything down there as they don't know anything about him but after a year on the all-fresh is a little easier."

Had Cochran been eligible this year he would likely have been given a chance as at least one game was thrown away when Patterson was injured and no competent man on hand to take his place. Cochran reports that Norton, who played full back on the Houghton high school team in 1911 and was used at tackle this year on the all-fresh played a great game. Houghton has never had but one football star in a big college, this being John Morris. Morris who captained one of Michigan's greatest teams years ago, Cochran gives promise of developing into a star himself and should make a mark. Bill reports that practice for 1914 has already been started in the gymnasium. Games are mailed into the store and every night the candidates are given ten minutes drill in starting and in hitting the line. Bill is also going in for the long-cutting in the gymnasium. Cochran won the shot last year at both the upper peninsula meet and at the upper country meet at Calumet and is a likely man for the track team. Bill will take part in the annual meet between the freshmen and sophomores which will be held during the winter.

CRYING FOR HELP

Lots of it in Calumet But Daily Grow-ing Less.

The kidneys often cry for help. Not another organ in the whole body more delicately constructed. Not one more important to health.

The kidneys are the filters of the blood. When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous. There can be no health where there is impure blood. Backache is one of the frequent indications of kidney trouble. It is often the kidneys' cry for help. Head it.

Read what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for overworked kidneys.

Treat of merit in the following statement: "Damon West, retired farmer, 320 Edward St., Houghton, Mich., says: 'The endorsement I have previously given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills still holds good. I recommend them as highly as ever. They have done me a world of good. I will use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills occasionally and they always bring the best results. You are welcome to use my statement at any time you desire.'"

For sale by all dealers. Price 25 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. (Advertisement)

MORE LIGHT ON POOLEY DEATH

Victim Killed by One Train and Dragged by Another

More light was shed on the death of James Garfield Pooley yesterday afternoon, when Deputy Sheriff Vivian went to Atlantic to investigate the tragedy from that end. While there is still some doubt about the exact circumstances of the death, it was made clear beyond all doubt that young Pooley was killed by another train than the one that dragged the body to Houghton, where it was found.

According to the deputy sheriff, Pooley with two companions heard that a friend was on the Palmetto train and they went to the train to see her. Pooley stayed on the train until it was in motion and then attempted to jump off while the train was going about ten miles an hour. In some manner he slipped and fell and was probably hit by the train although the train could not have passed over him as his body was not cut enough for that.

The body of Pooley, with life probably extinct, lay on the tracks for about ten minutes until the Ontonagon train came along and caught it in the snow plow and dragged him, head first into Houghton along the tracks and over bridges and trestles. One side of Pooley's face was scratched and torn in a frightful manner indicating that his face rubbed along the track. The other side of his face was untouched, which showed that his body had not been turned over during the trip. None of Pooley's companions saw the accident and they had left the station believing that he had actually made up his mind to go into Houghton and walk to the Houghton Copper property from there.

PROBATE COURT RECORD.

Weekly Resume of Court's Business Issued By Register.

The following weekly resume of the business of the Houghton county probate court was issued this morning by Register Mitchell.

Warrant and inventory filed in the estate of William Pollard, Sr., deceased.

Order appointing guardian filed in the estate of Albert Ehler, minor; bond fixed at \$2,500.00. Petition for the appointment of administrator filed in the estate of Joseph Richards, deceased; hearing January 6, 1913.

Order appointing time for hearing claims filed in the estate of Dennis Holland deceased; hearing April 18, 1913.

Inventory filed in the estate of Evelyn Mayworm, et al., minors. Warrant and inventory filed in the estate of Rose Seignourie, et al., minors.

Final account filed in the estate of William P. Raley, deceased; hearing January 9, 1913.

Final account filed in the estate of James Martin Jenkins, deceased; hearing January 8, 1913.

Petition for the probate of will filed in the estate of Peter Vogrin, deceased; hearing January 16, 1913.

Annual account filed in the estate of Bernard Zwickelchowski, minor. Petition for license to sell real estate filed in the estate of Horace E. Phillips, deceased; hearing January 17, 1913.

Discharge of administration filed in the estate of Eliza Hilbert deceased.

Order closing hearing of claims filed in the estate of August Betzler, deceased.

Bond of administrator de bonis non and letters of administration de bonis non filed in the estate of Gust Hassel, deceased.

Warrant and inventory filed in the estate of John F. Hodgson, minor.

Order appointing time for hearing claims filed in the estate of Gust Foulson, deceased; hearing April 22, 1913.

Order appointing administrator filed in the estate of Henry T. Dillon, deceased; bond fixed at \$1,000.00.

Proof of probate of will and order admitting will to probate filed in the estate of Amelia D. Allen, deceased; bond fixed at \$300.00.

Discharge of guardian filed in the estate of Isabelle L. Hagen, minor.

Order appointing administrator, bond of administrator and letters of administration filed in the estate of Cordelia Jacka, deceased.

Order limiting settlement of estate and appointing appraisers filed in the estate of Cordelia Jacka, deceased.

Bond of administration and letters of administration filed in the estate of Antonia Schmidt, deceased.

Order appointing time for hearing claims filed in the estate of Peter Simi, deceased; hearing April 21, 1913.

Bond of guardian and letters of guardianship filed in the estate of Albert Ehler, minor.

Inventory filed in the estate of Martti Pekka, deceased.

Petition for probate of will filed in the estate of Joseph Ouellette, deceased; hearing January 20, 1913.

Bond of executor and letters testamentary filed in the estate of John C. Hodgson, deceased.

Order limiting settlement of estate and appointing appraisers and order appointing time for hearing claims filed in the estate of John C. Hodgson, deceased; hearing April 21, 1913.

Warrant and inventory filed in the estate of Gust H. Olson, deceased.

Bond of administration and letters

OLD INDIAN IS KILLED BY SON

Shocking Tragedy Occurs in Keweenaw Bay Saloon

Continued From Page One.

all parts of the county of the shooting and this morning the marshal of Baraga found Shalafon on the road between Keweenaw Bay and Baraga. He was at once taken to the county jail at L'Anse.

DEATH OF JOSEPH SWEATMAN.

Retired Marine Engineer, Incapacitated by Storm, Passes Away.

Joseph Sweatman, aged 65 years, a retired marine engineer, passed away this morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry W. Hart in west Houghton. Death was due to a complication of diseases, chief of which was sciatic rheumatism with which Mr. Sweatman had suffered for a number of years.

Mr. Sweatman came originally from Sturgeon Bay, Wis., and lived for a number of years in Duluth before coming to Houghton five years ago. His tug was wrecked in the big storm a number of years ago and from the exposure at the time Mr. Sweatman contracted sciatic rheumatism from which he never recovered.

The remains will be shipped to Sturgeon Bay for interment.

LITTLE INTEREST IS SHOWN.

Only Few Duluth Hockey Players Turn Out For Practice.

According to several members of the curling club hockey team, but little interest is being displayed by the candidates in the practice, says the Duluth Herald. According to the statement of the players in question but little interest has been shown in the progress of the team since the return from the Middle Western trip.

It is stated that there were but three players out for the practice of last Tuesday evening, and as a result of this failure to appear the practice was abandoned. This is not the only occasion when a lack of interest in the practice of the team has been shown, it is stated.

DANCE TOMORROW NIGHT.

The Trinity church guild will hold an informal dancing party tomorrow evening in the Masonic church hall. Klinghammer's orchestra will provide the music. The Trinity church Sunday school will hold their annual Christmas festivities in the church assembly room next Monday evening.

GONE TWELVE YEARS AND LEGALLY DEAD, HUSBAND IS BACK.

Pittsburgh, Dec. 27.—After having been missing from his home for 12 years, and legally declared dead, Charles Babinger walked into the Allegheny county court house and was brought back to life by obliging officials.

Then Babinger signed several papers, the import of which was that he gave to his wife his estate, which he had regained after being legally declared alive.

During the 12 years of his absence Babinger had visited nearly every civilized country in the world. Several days ago his old father received a telegram from Denver signed "Charles Babinger." Thinking that a hoax was being played upon him he wired back asking for identification. The answer was satisfactory and the father wired his son to come home at once.

When Babinger stepped off the train neither his wife nor his father saw him. Babinger refused to tell why he left his wife and child, who has since died.

Alex. Friss, of Wind Gap, Pa., has 14 living children. Married but once. Friss is still alive.

Miss Annie Withers, of Prince's Bay, L. I., a factory worker, has just fallen heir to \$500,000.

Rock Island may acquire short-term control of Colorado Midland road.

Cake Twenty-Five Years Old.

A veteran baker of Quincy, Mass., had a unique experience shortly before retiring from business a short time ago. A wedding cake 25 years old was brought to him by a local man to be refreshed for his silver wedding anniversary. He had baked the cake himself for the wedding, 25 years before.

Proved Power of Logic.

The Professor of Logic (to himself)—"I laid my hat somewhere in this room. Nobody has come in since I've been here. I can't see it anywhere. Therefore—putting his hand beneath him—"I am sitting on it. Another proof of the irresistible power of logic."

He Knew.

Teacher—"Tommy, you are too great an idler. Do you know what becomes of people who won't work?" Tommy—"Yesum. They get supported by the rest of the family." Judge.

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52 LYNCHED BY MOBS THIS YEAR

Number Is Increasing Because of Anti-Violence Campaign

(Continued from Page One.)

sheriff and his deputy. The second lynching occurred at Steele, N. D. George Baker, charged with the murder of his wife and father-in-law, was taken from the jail and hanged by a mob. The lynching was the first recorded in North Dakota in more than a decade.

The lynching in Wyoming was one of the most sensational of the year. Frank Wigfall, a negro who confessed to having made a criminal attack on Mrs. Esther Higgins, an aged woman known as the "prisoners' friend," was lynched by the convicts of the state penitentiary at Rawlins.

In the West Virginia lynching the victim was Walter Johnson, a negro accused of assaulting a young white girl in Mercer county.

California's one lynching was out of the ordinary. It occurred on the desert, some thirty miles from the town of Mojave. The victim was an unknown negro accused of having attacked a six-year-old child. He was hanged by men alleged to be employed on the Los Angeles aqueduct.

The three negroes who fell victims to mob violence were Ann Boston, who murdered the wife of a planter at Pinehurst, Ga.; Mary Jackson, who was lynched in Panola county, Texas, for alleged complicity in the murder of a white man, and an unknown negro, who, together with three negroes, was hanged by a mob in Harris county, Georgia, for the murder of a farmer.

Tyler, Texas, furnished the only instance of the year where the victim was burned at the stake. On May 23 Dan Davis, a negro who had confessed to a criminal attack on a young white woman, was burned at the stake in one of the main streets of Tyler in the presence of a crowd of two thousand persons.

The foregoing record does not comprise cases of plain murder or cases where the victim was killed by a posse while resisting capture.

Theater to Cost Over \$100,000.

At a cost of more than \$100,000 the old Story building, at New Orleans, owned by the widow of the late J. Story, is being renovated for a moving picture show controlled by Josiah Pearce & Sons. It is on Canal street, between Camp and St. Charles, the location being one of the best in the city. The building is 235 feet long, 35 feet wide, and when finally turned over to the moving picture management, there will be three fire exits for the 850 people it is proposed to seat. The theater will not be ready for the public before the middle of February.

Mr. J. E. Pearce returned from Pittsburgh and other large cities of the East, where he gained many ideas that will be incorporated in the new playhouse, which will be the sixth owned by the Pearce company.

Reversed lights that will shed a soft glow over the audiences will be one of the innovations, while the furnishings will be of the baronial style, giving an air of permanency and solidity. Combined with these features will be opera chairs of the latest make.

Not only motion pictures, but probably vaudeville will be shown at the new theater.

There are chords in the human heart, strange, carrying strings, which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most incense or childish minds there is some strain of reflection which art can seldom lead, or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view.—Charles Dickens.

A five-dollar gold piece is not a great deal for a faithful subway employee to get for Christmas. But on the other hand, \$12,000 is a considerable sum for a traction company to set aside out of income for this purpose. A good deal depends on the point of view. From one angle at least the gift may be regarded as an encouraging expression of corporation appreciation of the work of employees.—New York World.

Happy New Year.

Same old whistles.
Same old bells.
Same old parties.
Same old yells.
Same old dinners.
Same old calls.
Same old music.
Same old balls.
Same old flowers.
Same old frolics.
Same old hopes and
Same old joys.
Same old greetings.
Same old dread.
Same temptation—
Same old head.
Same old pledges.
Same old brass.
Same old promises.
Same old jags.
Same old poses.
Same bright lights.
Same old crowds and
Same old fights.
Same old brightness.
Same old cheer.
Same old happy.
Glad New Year!

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A PLAN FOR A BREAK

It Led to Complications and a Fiasco

By JULIA D. EDMONDS

The autumn season when the tourist begira is southerly was opening, and the resorts of the border states were well stocked with guests. The rocking chair brigade—as those ladies who daily occupy the porch of the Viendeau hotel, each and all plying some kind of needle as an accompaniment to their melodious gossiping voices—was in session. Two ladies sitting somewhat apart from the rest were engaged in earnest conversation in a low tone.

"I sympathize with you, Mrs. Harper," said the one, "but I don't see how I can help you. My son is actively engaged in business and can't be away from it at this season more than a few days at a time. Could he be here with us, say, for a fortnight I would be glad to lend him to you for the purpose of drawing your daughter's attention from this young Ruggles, who you fear will win her. There is another course I will suggest. A young man has just arrived who has entered his name on the hotel register as Edward Caton. Being the only young fellow of prepossessing appearance (Ruggles excepted) in the hotel, he will soon be besieged by the girls. If you like I will make his acquaintance, introduce him to your daughter (telling him she is the belle of the place), and she will naturally be interested in taking him away from the others. This will serve to divert her mind from Ruggles and make a breach between them. But why do you object to Ruggles? He is said to have an income of \$5,000."

"My dear Mrs. Crawford, what would \$5,000 a year be for Gwen?" "What you wish I presume is simply to break off her affair with Ruggles, that she may be free to marry a fortune."

"Precisely. If you can accomplish this break by introducing any one—no matter who he is—I will consider myself under a lasting obligation to you."

The same evening the introduction was accomplished. Gwendolen Harper and Edward Caton were introduced, and before the guests left the dancing hall in the evening Mrs. Crawford said to Mrs. Harper:

"Did you ever see such a remarkable case of love at first sight?"

All the parties to this scheme were pleased except Sam Ruggles, who went off to the far end of the veranda and scowled and smoked and smoked and scowled, keeping by himself where he could not see his rival's success lest he should make a scene.

But on the third day after the break had been made effective, when Mr. Ruggles was reading a northern newspaper, he saw something that thrilled him. It was an advertisement of Mrs. Edward L. Caton for information concerning her husband, who had deserted her and their three children. Ruggles immediately cut the ad. out of the newspaper that he alone of those at the hotel might possess this information and that he might consider a plan by which he could get the greatest satisfaction out of it.

The same evening an anonymous letter went to the advertiser that a gentleman had appeared at the Viendeau hotel at — answering to the name mentioned in the advertisement. Ruggles, who mailed the letter, could not refrain from adding that "the fellow was evidently bent on committing bigamy."

From the time the discarded lover saw the evidence that his rival was sailing under false colors he changed his bearing toward Miss Harper. Where before he had made his jealousy evident he now assumed an air of superiority mingled with pity. Mr. Caton had become aware that his attentions to Miss Harper had made Mr. Ruggles his enemy and had noticed the antagonism of the latter's bearing toward him whenever they met. One evening while Mr. Caton was dancing with Miss Harper he unintentionally ran against Ruggles, who was also dancing. The look Ruggles gave him was ominous. Later, when both went out on the veranda for a whiff at a cigarette, Caton stepped up to Ruggles and apologized for running against him in the dance.

"One who is sailing under false colors is beneath my notice for any insult," was the reply.

"How did you get onto that?" asked Caton with surprising imperturbability. "I saw it in the newspapers."

"I wish the newspapers would let me alone," was the only rejoinder, and Caton went back into the dancing hall, where Ruggles soon saw him whirling with Miss Harper.

Now, the only real attachment in this triangular affair was between Sam Ruggles and Gwen Harper, and from the time Ruggles began to assume that air of superiority Gwen began to be troubled. She was too proud to call him back, but she looked as if she would be willing to take him back if he would apply for reinstatement. One day when they met in the garden of the hotel she remarked that it was a pleasant day.

"I think it will storm tomorrow or next day," was the reply.

"Why, I see no indications of it." "Perhaps if you watch the incoming trains you'll see a thunder cloud coming."

"You speak in riddles."

From Captured Silver.

A silver set was recently sold in London said to have been made from silver recovered from the Armada.

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He could not longer keep his secret. It came out in spite of him—that is, a part of it.

"When the storm breaks it will strike this man whom you have honored with your favorable consideration." "How? When? Where?" "You shall see." "Won't you tell me?" "Nothing is to be gained by my telling you. I prefer that you should see for yourself."

And Mr. Ruggles with cold politeness lifted his hat and passed on. Miss Harper went straight to her mother with the information or, rather, the insinuation. Mrs. Harper had been a bit worried lest she had lifted her daughter out of the frying pan to drop her into the fire. Her object now was to take advantage of what Ruggles had said to discredit both the rivals.

"My dear," she said, "In the first place, it is very mean of Sam to cast a slur upon this Mr. Caton. It shows a very contemptible disposition on Sam's part. But we must remember that we know nothing about Caton. He may be a gentleman and he may not be. Likely he is some young man who has got hold of a little money and is spending it in the only outing of his life."

"That can't be, mamma. He has the manner of one accustomed to the very best society. As for Sam, if he knows anything about Mr. Caton it would be very wicked of him not to warn me."

"Then why doesn't he tell you the whole story and have done with it?" Mrs. Harper was not considering the inexperience of youth or the deflection of judgment occasioned by jealousy. It was enough for her to get her daughter out of the toils of a man worth only \$5,000 a year and make sure that Gwen should not become too far interested in one who for all that was known about him was not worth a cent.

It was a few days after this conversation between mother and daughter, at which Gwen promised to drop Mr. Caton at once, that the storm Ruggles had predicted broke. A woman with angular features was driven from the railroad station to the hotel, who, instead of placing her name on the register, held a private conference with the landlord and was excused from doing so. She arrived in the morning about an hour after a party of gentlemen, including Caton, had gone out on the water for a day's fishing. It was not long after the lady arrived before there began to be whispers about her among the hotel guests. Then it leaked out that she had come after a fugitive husband, and lastly Mrs. Harper was filled with consternation by a report that Edward Caton had been contemplating bigamy with her daughter.

When the fishing party returned the guests of the hotel were drawn up on the veranda to see the fun between Mr. and Mrs. Caton. The gentleman came up with the others entirely unconscious of what was in store for him. The woman was ready to pounce on him. But the storm didn't break. Caton went up to his room to make his toilet for dinner, and the woman who had come after him said that her husband was not among the men who entered. She was very wrath with her anonymous informant and vowed that if she could discover him she would give him a piece of her mind.

The clouds of the storm that had passed without striking were still whirling about when a young man drove up to the hotel from the station and, seeing Caton on the porch, cried out:

"Hello, Bob! Where did you come from?"

"Bob!" exclaimed several guests sitting about in a breath. "I thought his name was Ned."

"Who's your friend?" asked one of these persons, following the newly arrived man into the house.

"That? Why, that's Bob Carrington."

When Mrs. Harper was informed that the supposed Edward Caton was none other than Robert Carrington, the multimillionaire, and her daughter not two days ago had given him the cold shoulder she was not only dumfounded, but chagrined. She had lost the opportunity of a lifetime. With some \$100,000,000 a year at her command Gwen might have gone to London and taken a position in society there. But the luck had been against her and she was inconsolable.

Since his identity had been given away Mr. Robert Carrington did not attempt to pass further under a name that he had assumed in order to secure temporary immunity from society reporters who telegraphed his presence wherever he went.

After the sensation was over Sam Ruggles and Gwen Harper met in the drawing room of the hotel.

"Well," said Sam, "you just missed snaring a multimillionaire. I'm sorry for you."

"And you missed seeing the multimillionaire captured by a deserted wife."

"Funny, isn't it?"

"Their eyes met, and they smiled. 'Mother's frantic,' Gwen remarked. 'I suppose so. Well, what are you going to do?'"

"Why, I'm not going to do anything."

She held a rose in her hand and, going up to him, fixed it in his button-hole. He cast a quick glance about him. There was no one besides themselves in the room. He kissed her.